December 21st '94

Dear Clarence,

I have got the blues fearfully tonight, so shall inflict you with one of my brilliant letters. The bottom seems to have fallen out of everything. Chiefly due to my having had only about three hours of dreamless sleep last night. —— I never shall forgive you for breaking me, the way you do, (in my dreams)

Mama desires to have
"The Sonvegians" (don't know
how to spell it) take supper
with us Sunday evening.
Don't let any of the class
escape, as this is the only
time you can all be together
. I do not expect I shall
have to sing at church
Sunday evening, so things
will fit in quite smoothly
Supper will be ready
at quarter to six

Sincerely Yours,

Grace